

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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DOUBLEDAY'S CHILDREN.

BY DUTTON COOK,

AUTHOR OF "YOUNG MR. NIGHTINGALE," "HOBSON'S CHOICE," &c. &c.

BOOK II. THE CONFESSION OF DORIS.
CHAPTER VII. A REFUGEE AT HOME.

I ENTERED a confined chamber, with whitewashed walls and a sloping ceiling, imperfectly lighted by a narrow attic window. A starved-looking fire burned blackly in a very pinched stove, occupying one corner of the room. The floor was bare; the furniture very scanty; a truckle-bed, a little writing-table littered with papers, two rush-seated chairs, a painter's easel, a bruised and soiled portmanteau—there was little else. Here and there could be traced a charcoal outline upon the walls, or a rough sketch in coloured crayons. The scent of tobacco was strong in the room.

"Ah, mademoiselle, you do me too much honour!"

M. Riel rose from his chair by the stove and approached me, hurriedly throwing away his cigarette. He wore a workman's blouse and a pert little cap with a peak in front; a red silk kerchief was twisted loosely round his neck. He looked like a handsome young man of the *ouvrier* class. I scarcely knew him at first, he was so changed in appearance; I could not but recognise, however, the tones of his voice.

"I have taken a great liberty in calling upon you here," I said in some confusion.

"Mademoiselle, it is, as I said, an honour—and it is more than that—it is a kindness, and a charity."

He handed me his chair, and remained standing himself. He looked at me in-

tently, and, as I read his glance, reproachfully.

"You are surprised to see me here, M. Riel."

"I admit it, mademoiselle. How could I look for your presence in so poor, and humble, and unworthy a place? But you would not have come but for some sound reason. It was not, I am sure, to see with your own eyes the reality of my misfortunes. You judged that I was poor, without doubt. I have never concealed the fact. Yes, and now you can look round and satisfy yourself that I am very poor—poorer even than you could have believed possible. But it was not for that you came here."

"Indeed not, M. Riel. I was wrong to come, perhaps."

"That is possible," he said abstractedly.

"But you will forgive me for coming?"

"Ah, mademoiselle, can you ask it? I forgive you with all my heart. Yet," he added after a pause, "I will, if I may, annex a condition to my forgiveness." He smiled rather sadly.

"What condition?"

"You must not repeat the error. Mademoiselle, promise me that you will not come here again. Indeed this is no place for you. Avoid this district of the exiles. It is not only that it is miserable—it is dangerous."

"Dangerous?"

"Yes. The air here is unwholesome; it is heavy with discontent, it is oppressed with the moans of the suffering. We are as hunted creatures chased to a corner. We are safe, you will say. Yes! but if we dare to stir ever so little, our every movement is watched. The mouchard is always on the track of our footsteps. We are surrounded by eavesdroppers; we are

followed by spies. Those we speak to—even those we look at—are marked down as “suspects.” Even you, mademoiselle, may not escape the consequence of your visit here. You are liable to be classed with us now, who are suffering for our political sentiments—and who wait but the opportunity to rise against the tyrants who have betrayed and down-trodden us. You have shown kindness to a refugee—your presence has brought light for a moment into the darkness and the wretchedness of his hiding-place. You have cheered his solitude and suffering by the music of your voice, the grace of your speech. Ah, but take care that you are not counted his accomplice!”

“His accomplice!” I repeated.

“The word is an insult, you think. Well, it is to spare you from insult I beg you to come here no more. It is not right that you should be reckoned with us, for our cause is not yours. You cannot share in, you cannot fully sympathise with our hopes, our plans, our cares, our desperation. Why, then, should you be subjected to the penalties of our actions, our crimes, as our foes describe them? For it is a crime to be an exile and to aspire to return home; especially, if one would return armed to execute justice upon tyrants and traitors. You must not be marked down in note-books, and peered at by the eyes of police, and watched, and tracked, hither and thither. No, mademoiselle, that is not for you. For us others it is different, it is almost our privilege. You are surprised? You think we are so safe here? You take pride in thinking that this, your England, is a land of liberty, an asylum to the suffering for whatever reason, an especial home to those exiled because of their political convictions? Well, and that is true to a certain point. But—you receive the refugee—you offer him a home, shelter, an abiding-place. Yes, but the spy of the police who follows in his track, you welcome him also; you accord him the right to watch the refugee, as a cat watches a mouse; you permit him to follow the poor exile hither and thither, taking note of his incoming and his outgoing, registering every scrap of his conversation that can be overheard; yes, and scanning, and tracking, and suspecting even each stranger he may meet in the street or the coffee-house; the man to whom here he hands a newspaper, to whom there he proffers a light for a cigar. Ah, for English sympathy! it is too wide, too general, too indis-

criminating; it is extended alike to the oppressor and the oppressed—to the refugee and to the mouchard. But you will pardon me, mademoiselle, that I have spoken of these things. They betray me, I own it, into a warmth, an excitement, which must seem to you strange, excessive, rude. Your visit—certainly it was not to hear my wild speeches. But it had a motive?”

I explained to him the opportunity that offered. I spoke of Mr. Leveridge and the pictures he desired should be copied. I expressed myself badly, perhaps—for, in truth, I felt ill at ease. I was conscious that I had placed myself, indeed, in rather a false position.

M. Riel listened to me patiently, and bowed to me politely when I had completed my explanation. He expressed himself as grateful, most grateful, for my intervention and exertions in his interest. Yet he was not, I think, really very grateful. Indeed he seemed to hesitate rather in his acceptance of Mr. Leveridge's offers; and certainly, he replied to me with rather an embarrassed air.

“Yes,” he said with hesitation, “I will see this Mr. Leveridge, your professor. I will listen to him; I will work for him, if I can, and if I may. But—I work only to live, mademoiselle; to buy bread, and clothes, yes, and tobacco, to pay my way as I journey through life. It is no great ambition that animates me. But mademoiselle will perceive that to paint is not my sole occupation. If I give my hands to it, my heart may be elsewhere. I make my copies and take my wages, but my thoughts are not in my task. After all, it is an unworthy artist you have so kindly commended to the favourable notice of your professor. Yet I will strive to do justice to your recommendation. I will endeavour, so that Mr. Leveridge may not regret that he has given me employment. I will see him upon an early day. If I may, I will work for him.”

I rose to leave him. I had accomplished my mission. His hand was upon the door-handle; he seemed to motion me to remain another moment.

“Mademoiselle,” he said, “will understand that I am really and truly grateful. I have not said as much on that head as I should have said, perhaps, but let it be taken for granted that I am fully sensible of the honour mademoiselle has done me, the kindness she has shown me, in visiting my very humble home. How poor, how

humble it is she did not know—but her sole purpose was to befriend me, she had that thought only. I am well aware of that. I do not for one moment misinterpret the visit of mademoiselle."

I knew from his manner—but, indeed, I knew it before—that my conduct was very open to misinterpretation: that he would have been justified in thinking very strangely of me.

"And you, mademoiselle, you will not judge me the less worthy of your kindness, your sympathy, your interest, in that my manner of life is what you have found it?"

"Indeed not, M. Riel."

"And you will not avoid me in the future? You will not shrink from me when we meet again?"

"Indeed not, M. Riel," I repeated.

"For we shall meet again," he said musingly.

"Surely; at the Gallery. Perhaps even at Mr. Leveridge's."

"Ah, true, at Mr. Leveridge's. You will not forget me, Miss Doris?"

It was the first time he had ever so addressed me. I started at the sound of my name invested with a foreign accent.

"I shall not forget you, M. Riel."

"And you will not despise me, whatever tidings you may hear concerning me—now, or at any future time?"

"I can safely promise that, M. Riel."

"I thank you, Miss Doris. You have a brave, frank, English nature. Ah, if all were as you are!"

I put out my hand. He took it, pressed it gently, then raised it to his lips.

He was about to open the door.

"Stay!" he said with a little start. "There is a footstep upon the stairs. Some one comes. It will be better to wait for a moment. Let me see." He paused with a listening, reflective air.

"It may be only a letter, a message," said M. Riel. "You are not frightened, Miss Doris?"

"No, I am not frightened," I answered promptly. "What is there to fear?"

"True, there is nothing to fear. But the step comes up the stairs. Yes. It is close by now. And it is for me it comes. Ah!"

Someone without tapped at the door; not once, but repeatedly. There was something mysteriously significant, as I judged, in the manner of the tapping.

We could hear the sound as of a hand moving about the outer panels of the door, in search of the handle or the keyhole.

"Do not fear," said M. Riel. "No harm can come to you, Miss Doris."

His own face was very pale, however.

"Ouvrez," the voice whispered through the keyhole.

"I must open," said M. Riel.

"Au nom de Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité."

Surely it was an English voice!

"Stand in the shadow, Miss Doris. Draw down your veil, if you will. All is well. Again I say, do not fear."

He opened the door; a man entered the room.

"I am sorry to disturb M. Riel. They told me below that you were not alone. But it was important that I should see you, if only for a moment."

How well I knew the voice! I hesitated; but I felt that perfect frankness was my best course.

"Basil!" I cried.

For M. Riel's visitor was my brother.

CHAPTER VIII. MY IMPRUDENCE.

"You here?" cried Basil with a start. Then he glanced rather fiercely from me to M. Riel, and back again from M. Riel to me. "What does this mean, Doris?" He had never spoken so sharply to me before.

M. Riel seemed all amazement. "You know this gentleman, Miss Doris?"

"This gentleman is my brother, M. Riel."

"Ah! Your brother? M. Basil is your brother?" He was relieved, I thought, by this information. Still he turned to Basil, as though to have my statement confirmed.

"That is so, of course," said Basil.

"Ah! that explains everything," said M. Riel.

"It explains nothing," Basil cried rudely. "Why is this, Doris? What foolish prank has brought you here? But perhaps," he added, looking round the room, "this is not the fittest place in the world for an explanation."

"It is not," I said, "although the explanation is very simple: in truth, there need be no mystery about the matter. It was not 'a foolish prank' in any case. I did not come without, as I think, a sound and sufficient motive. It was imprudent, perhaps—"

"It was very imprudent. Indeed, indeed, you should not have done this thing, Doris, whatever your motive."

"Well, it's done now, and there's an end of it. You need not be so angry, Basil."

"You are offended, and with me?" enquired M. Riel, who in his turn had assumed rather an aggressive look.

"I will discuss the subject with you at some other time, M. Riel," Basil said coolly and almost contemptuously.

"M. Riel is quite without fault in the matter. If you must blame someone, blame me."

"I have no desire to blame anyone. But, this must never happen again."

"It is not likely to happen again—it shall not happen again."

"I have already entreated Miss Doris that she will not on any account repeat the kindness she has shown me this day," interposed M. Riel, with more of a soothing air than he had hitherto worn.

"Basil," I said, "you are making much of what is in truth a very trifling thing. I brought M. Riel a message from Mr. Leveridge. M. Riel wants work; Mr. Leveridge can give him work. I came here simply to say as much. That is the whole story very bluntly told. M. Riel will forgive me for telling it so bluntly."

"You had already made the acquaintance of M. Riel then?" Basil demanded of me. "It was not to an absolute stranger that you showed this kindness—that you paid this visit?"

"I had already made the acquaintance of M. Riel. We met at the National Gallery. He helped me with my studies there. Now, you know all, Basil."

"I know enough, I suppose. But, you are too impulsive, Doris."

"I can't always be stopping to think, if that's what you mean. How often 'stopping to think' signifies merely loss of time and opportunity!"

"It may mean great gain also. It may save us from the commission of grave imprudences—of desperate follies."

"Well, it may be very safe to be inactive, but it may be rather cowardly too."

"I won't dispute it, Doris. Thought before action may be only cowardice—thought after action may be only remorse; and yet we needs must think—at least some of us must. But we are forgetting M. Riel. I have business with him—only a word or two to say, however. My surprise at meeting you made me forget the object of my coming here. Excuse me for one moment, Doris, and I will see you safely home."

Basil drew M. Riel into the recess of the attic window. They conversed in a low voice and interchanged certain papers. M. Riel collected the sheets scattered

about his little writing-table, and handed them to Basil.

I did not try to hear what they said to each other. I stood by the door, and amused myself with noting the numerous sketches and caricatures that adorned its panels. The pear-shaped head of the King of the French appeared very frequently; there were representations of his Majesty in all sorts of ludicrous positions. His richly-laced coat was brought into droll contrast with his stiff shirt-collars, his short white trousers, and his battered umbrella. His many sons were also depicted in a contemptible light, and here and there was seen the austere and rather arrogant face of his Prime Minister. It was plain that these designs were not all the work of the same hand. Some were executed with quite an artistic adroitness; others were very rude and rough. On the whitewash above the door a guillotine was sketched in red chalk. In its neighbourhood was scrawled "Vive la République!" and above this appeared the inscription, "Crédeville, voleur!" "Crédeville, voleur!" over and over again, as though it were some memorable motto or watchword. Who was this Crédeville, I asked myself, and did he deserve to be thus stigmatised?

M. Riel, bowing and smiling pleasantly, advanced to me.

"Ah, Miss Doris, it is a new title to my regard and my respect that you are, as it appears, the sister of my friend M. Basil—if indeed I may call him my friend." Basil bowed with rather Britannic stiffness. "At least he is my collaborateur. I have known him only as M. Basil. That was enough for me. I did not enquire as to his surname. I could not suppose him to be related to the lady who has shown me such great and true kindness. Again let me thank you, Miss Doris. You have studied my door? It is my sketch-book—my memorandum-book—my work of reference. See here a list of addresses, my friends, employers. I will add the name of Mr. Leveridge, with his address." Thereupon he wrote as I dictated. "Yes, as I said, I will see this professor, and, if I can, I will work for him, and take my wages. A thousand thanks, Miss Doris."

"Adieu, M. Riel."

Something further he desired to say, I think. He was checked perhaps by the presence of Basil, who was urgent that we should depart forthwith. M. Riel would have attended us to the outer door of the

house, but this I refused to permit. We left him at the top of the staircase.

Basil was silent for some minutes.

"I'm glad to be in Oxford-street again," he observed. "That garret was terribly close. The whole neighbourhood is very confined."

"Poor M. Riel cannot choose his dwelling-place," I said. "An exile must live where he can, where he must."

"Yes, but we need not squander our sympathies. After all, an exile may well have deserved his expatriation. Why should we pity him? He may be only paying the penalty of his own wrongdoing."

"But a political offence should be leniently viewed. It is not as other offences are."

"That depends. At any rate a political offence may involve very serious consequences. Conspiracy against the state—an attempt to overturn constituted authority—to assassinate a king—those are not such light matters."

"Basil! Do you charge M. Riel with being an assassin?"

"Well, no. I will not say that of him. He is not directly chargeable, perhaps; at least, he is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. But there is a certain line of conduct, which seems to lead to assassination, or to lead nowhere. We will say that it leads nowhere in M. Riel's case; and we will agree that assassination is not the right word to use. We will call it tyrannicide. It may mean the same thing; but you will confess that it has a grander, a more respectable sound."

I scarcely knew how to answer.

"It is sufficient for me that M. Riel is a refugee," I said after a pause. "Poor, unhappy, an artist and an exile: surely he is well deserving of our sympathy and our assistance, if, indeed, we can assist him—if he will allow us to assist him."

Basil was silent. I was in hopes that he would have said something more of M. Riel. I was, I must confess, anxious to know all he knew of M. Riel. I was rather provoked at the attitude of apathy he seemed resolved to maintain in regard to M. Riel.

"Have you no feeling, Basil? Have you no heart?"

"Yes, I think I have a heart, Doris; I think I can feel for others. But, perhaps, I am rather apt to see both sides of a question, where you are content to see only one. Thus, my opinions become divided,

and I am only half sympathetic. To be very enthusiastic, we must be rather one-sided—something of a partisan."

"But, in certain cases, it is good to be something of a partisan; indeed, very much of a partisan."

"Yes, in certain cases."

"You mean that such cases are not common?"

"I mean that I don't find them common."

"And this case of M. Riel's does not command your sympathies?"

"Perhaps we neither of us know enough of M. Riel, to be sure that his case merits our sympathies in every respect. It is true that he is an exile; and, as you have told me, you find that fact sufficient. I ask for more than that."

"You object to him because he is a conspirator."

"He has told you that he is a conspirator? Yes, of course. He makes no secret of it. He rather boasts of it. That is unwise, to my thinking. But the refugee who conspires rather gains than loses sympathy on that account. You can view tenderly the foreigner who plots. But if he were a mere Englishman—poor, humble, hungry, roused by a bitter sense of oppression to take arms against his rulers, to revolt against a condition of society which, to his thinking, wrongs him greatly, inflicts upon him cruel injustice—how would you judge him? how should you speak of him? You would despise him utterly; you would shrink from him with loathing. You would denounce him as a wretched, squalid, misguided, brutal fellow of the very dregs of the populace, unworthy of contact with decent people. And if, in a moment of madness, he raised his hand against his sovereign—he flung a stone in the Park, or fired a pistol upon Constitution-hill—you would hold no chastisement to be too severe for him. Is not that the truth, Doris?"

"Well, yes," I said. "I can't think the same of the English rebel or ruffian you have described and of a foreign refugee—such as M. Riel—suffering for his political opinions, and conspiring against a government that has persecuted him. And surely, Basil, there is a difference."

"Yes; the foreigner has the cleaner face and the whiter hands; but his crime is the same as that of the miserable, unwashed, starving Englishman; for it is a question of crime, you understand."

"But the Englishman has no reason to rise against his rulers."

"But he thinks he has. You must accept his point of view; or it might be said that the foreigner has no reason to rebel against his government; for it is a government that he rebels against. It is acquiesced in by the nation; it is entitled to obedience."

"Basil," I said, "tell me all you know of M. Riel."

"Doris, tell me what is this M. Riel to you, that you should care for him so much; that you should espouse his cause so warmly; that you should be so prompt with your sympathies on his behalf; that you should call at his wretched lodgings in Soho."

"I have already told you, Basil, how I came to know M. Riel—and the sequel."

"He has interested you because of his state of exile; because he is poor, and you judge him to be unhappy; because he is an artist by profession; and, because, perhaps, of his beaux yeux. And he has piqued your curiosity, that is very clear. Now, what is he to you more and above all this?"

"Nothing."

"You are sure?"

"I am quite sure."

"My sister," he said, "let us play with our cards upon the table. Do you love this M. Riel?"

"Basil, how can you ask me such a question?"

"Do you love this M. Riel?" he repeated.

"I do not love this M. Riel. I have never loved this M. Riel. I shall never love this M. Riel. Have I said enough?"

"More than enough. In truth you have said too much. You answer for more than you are entitled to answer for. Still, I am glad that you have said this, it relieves my mind. For I feared—but no matter what I feared. It would not be right, Doris, for you to love M. Riel."

"Because he is so poor? because he is a refugee?"

"Well, yes; and because of other things."

"Frankly, you don't like M. Riel."

"Frankly, I don't think I do. And yet I'm not sure. One should like the friends of one's friends."

"And M. Riel is the friend of a friend of yours?"

"Of my dearest friend—of Mr. Gris-dale."

"I understand. Mr. Grisdale is the friend of all refugees."

"Yes. And there is more in it than that. M. Riel writes in Mr. Grisdale's journal—*The Wacry*."

"That was why he called you his collaborateur?"

"That was why. He is our Paris correspondent."

"Although he may not return to France?"

Basil laughed.

"Our Paris is situate in Soho," he said.

"It is not the true Paris absolutely, yet it resembles it. Ours is the Paris of the disaffected, of the discontented. M. Riel compiles and notes. He is for ever among Frenchmen fresh from France. It is true that he writes in Soho, yet he is enabled fairly to represent a section of Parisian opinion. The fraud upon the public, our readers—perhaps I should not call them the public—is but a small fraud. In truth, no Frenchman would be permitted to write from France, as M. Riel writes from Soho in *The Wacry*."

"Has M. Riel been long in England?"

"He knows England well. Yet he has not always been an exile. He is, I believe, a refugee of but a few years' standing."

"When was he driven from France?"

"He was suspected of complicity in the affaire Lecomte, or it may have been the affaire Henri. I scarcely know which it was. He fled to avoid arrest. Of course he may have been wholly innocent."

"What was the affaire Lecomte?"

"Lecomte fired at the King of the French, as he sat in his char-à-banc driving through the forest of Fontainebleau."

"What was the affaire Henri?"

"Joseph Henri fired at the King of the French, as he bowed from the balcony of the Tuileries to the crowd assembled to commemorate the anniversary of the Revolution of July."

"But M. Riel may have taken no part in, may have known nothing of, those attempts."

"I have said that he may have been wholly innocent."

"Do you meet M. Riel at Mr. Gris-dale's?"

"Yes. I first met him there. I meet him there repeatedly; and I visit him at his lodgings, as you saw to-day, upon matters connected with Mr. Grisdale's newspaper."

"One question more, Basil. Does Catalina like M. Riel?"

"Enough, enough of this," he said,

sternly. "And, please, do not again connect the names of Catalina and M. Riel. You are too imprudent, Doris."

He would not speak another word upon the subject.

HARLEQUINIANA.

WHO and whence is Harlequin? What does he symbolise, and what is his history? These are questions, to some at least of which a partial answer is both obvious and accessible. That Italy was his birthplace; that his native nomenclature was *Arlecchino*; that he wears a closely-fitting suit of resplendent, many-coloured motley; that in modern times he hibernates on the boards of a large proportion of English theatres; that he is a tricksome elf, personifying in the minds of some tens of thousands of children of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland the essential genius of pantomime; these are facts which are as familiar as they are indisputable. Some of them are recorded in every popular repertory of miscellaneous knowledge; the rest are written in the juvenile experience of most of Her Majesty's subjects. On some other points, too, connected with the history of harlequin, much interesting, if more or less irrelevant, information may readily be obtained. As, for instance, that at an earlier epoch of his continental career, he was not condemned to his present dumbness, but was as quick and nimble with his tongue as he now is with his wand and legs; that his vesture did not always consist of the sparkling skin-tight integuments for which his person is in these latter days conspicuous; that within the last fifty years the pattern of his costume had not reached its now established uniformity of combination and shape.

As it is our object to acquaint the reader with certain occult or forgotten truths anent harlequin, rather than to serve up a rechauffé of conjectures or certainties which may be procured in any manual of popular information, the points just mentioned may be passed lightly over. Grimaldi has been called the Garrick of clowns. The Garrick or Grimaldi of harlequins, so far as the English stage is concerned, was assuredly Rich, who in 1761 placed upon the boards of Covent-garden Theatre the pantomimic drama of "Harlequin Executed." One fact about Rich is not generally known, and may here be stated. Rich had a very

formidable and accomplished rival, in his performances as harlequin, in one Woodward, employed by Garrick, who, finding that "Harlequin Executed" drew crowded audiences to the rival house in Bow-street, brought out a pantomime at Drury-lane, *Queen Mab*. In this, Woodward gained an immense reputation; but posterity, including many professional writers on the stage, ignores his name, because he is "without the sacred bard"—in other words, because Pope never pilloried him as he did Rich, in the *Dunciad*. Apropos of Grimaldi, it is stated by the famous biographer of that great master of flexible humanity, that until the beginning of this century, harlequin wore a loose-fitting jacket and trousers, and that the now existing dress was first introduced into England by Byrne, father of the late Oscar Byrne, in *Harlequin Amulet*, first played at Drury-lane on Boxing Night, 1800. There is a drawing extant of Inigo Jones, under which the artist has scrawled the words "Harlequin for Mountebank," and wherein harlequin is depicted clothed in a light and airy dress of white linen or nankeen jacket and trousers, which nowadays would be hissed off the stage.

The truth is, that when we come to ask who harlequin is, and what are his antecedents, we find that he is the composite growth of many generations, the hybrid birth of a long succession of ages. The late Mr. Byrne, of *Harlequin Amulet* celebrity, is as much entitled to be christened the father of harlequin, and, indeed, of pantomime generally, as we understand the word, as Homer to be called the father of poetry, or Herodotus of history. His conception of harlequin was a happy generalisation from many previously-entertained and widely-varying ideas. The materials for Byrne's creation may be said to have been ready to his hand; but to combine and assort them required genius. Hitherto harlequin had been a personage whose functions and whose presence were scarcely distinguishable from those of clown. Byrne it was who separated and mutually subordinated the parts played by harlequin, pantaloon, and clown.

Let the reader now transport himself to an era some two thousand five hundred years anterior to the creation of the harlequin of to-day. A rude kind of entertainment is very popular with the villagers and peasants, as well as the townsfolk, of ancient Italy; a

grotesque species of pantomimic action, varied by occasional songs, which are sung to no tune in particular, and by interludes wherein episodes of mythic or national history, heroic or pathetic, are portrayed by the gesture and action of mute players. The characters in the farcical pantomimes are generally the same, and the interest chiefly depends on successive incidents of practical deception. There are the dupe, and the knave, and the jester, the jack-pudding, or merry-andrew, who delivers a sort of running commentary, more or less satirical, the satire being indicated sometimes by words, but more often by grimace or gesture, on the fronds and frolics of which he is witness. Sometimes he takes part in those himself, and is alternately rogue and fool. He is called, almost indifferently, *Centunculus*, *Sannio*, *Bucca*, and *Macchus*. The reader will kindly note the final word; for, in a Latin dictionary, published about a hundred and fifty years ago by an unknown author, the explanation "whence is derived the modern *arlechino* or *harlequin*," is printed in brackets after it. Scientific etymology is often a very far-fetched business, and constitutes a severe tax upon the credulity of students. It may be that the derivation which the anonymous lexicographer would appear to suggest is correct, but the process by which it is established is not clear. Of the employment of the word "*arlechino*" or *harlequin*, no traces can be found before the fourteenth century, and dictionaries of all kinds and in all languages display a curious unanimity in ignoring its etymology. It may, however, be conjectured with tolerable certainty that the root of "*arlechino*" is identical with that of "*arlotto*," signifying a glutton or stupid fellow, both of which characters met in the primitive conception of *harlequin*. As for the termination, that is sufficiently accounted for by the adjective "*chino*," which connotes all the attributes of one whose business it is agilely to execute fantastic movements.

As time went on in ancient Italy, and new modes of ornament were introduced, the costume of the actors in these primitive pantomimes naturally became more elaborate. Delineations in marble, bronze, and encaustic colours have come down to us, in which a prominent figure among the mimes of Imperial Rome—in the days when *Bathyllus* and *Pylades* divided the partisanship of the play-going city between them—is one clad in a par-

ticular dress, with shaven head, semi-transparent half-mask, cap, and wand. Now, it can scarcely be doubted that here we have one of the many progenitors of *harlequin*. The subject-matter of these pantomimic dramas was suggested by various patterns of the classic mythology, in some of which Mercury with his "*caduceus*" or staff would naturally appear. Is it not a legitimate hypothesis, that the "*caduceus*" of the pagan god was the origin of the wand of *harlequin*? And what of columbine? Upon pictorial evidence, similar to that just mentioned, it has been stated that the loves of *Cupid* and *Psyche*, of *Hero* and *Leander*, were sometimes pantomimically presented as pathetic interludes by the same *histrions* as those whose prevailing rôle was broadly comic. That being so, it is easy to see how the loves of *harlequin* and *columbine* may have found their way into modern pantomime.

So much for the more ancient and venerable affinities of the stage-skipper, who follows in the wake of pantaloons and clown. If some persons may be surprised at learning that there is, at least, ground for believing that *harlequin* is a personage of classical origin, all are aware that he is of Italian extraction. In the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, contemporaneous comedies were a recognised entertainment in Italy, and, indeed, in Spain and France. The dramatic personæ never varied much, and comprised the familiar rôles of pantaloons, doctor, clown, *harlequin*, *scaramouch*, and so forth. The dialogue was, for the most part, impromptu, and abounded in hits and allusions, suited to the locality in which the performance of the strolling players happened to take place. Different towns had a special reputation for furnishing different actors of the typical characters of these rude dramas. Venice, in particular, was famous for its pantaloons; and Bergamo, for its *harlequins*—the parti-coloured costume of the latter being emblematic of the sundry patches wherewith poverty must be content to clothe itself. The entertainment was frequently nothing better than a loose kind of horse-play; and *harlequin* was as free with his wand, which was often a cudgel, as with his tongue. Hallam says that the last company of performers in this sort of comedy existed within the present century in Lombardy. The nearest approach to it which can be found in England would be the *morris-dances* of villagers, the merry-

andrews exhibiting at country fairs, and, possibly, the masques which were popular three centuries ago in fashionable circles. Both at the country fairs and the masques harlequin made his appearance. The merry-andrew frequently wore a costume nearly identical, so far as colour is concerned, not cut, and the triangular patches of many tints, like the harlequin of the present day; while, in the masques, harlequin, usually with the preface of mountebank, was a prominent personage. In his memoir of Bartholomew Fair, Mr. Henry Morley tells us of the great theatrical booth, erected by Lee and Phillips at the corner of Hosier-lane, on which there were seen together Cupid and Psyche, Scaramouch, Punch and Columbine, Clown, Pantaloon, and Harlequin. The mention of Cupid and Psyche in this context suggests, and may even fairly be regarded as confirming, the hypothesis ventured on above, as to the origin of the relations between harlequin and columbine. A further examination of Mr. Morley's memoir of Bartholomew Fair seems to show that during the earlier portion of the eighteenth century, harlequin was regarded as the essential genius of pantomime; that he manifested himself in different shapes, sometimes in two distinct entities; that he was by turns clown, scaramouch, pantaloon, harlequin, pure and simple. There was only one respect in which our English harlequin failed to acquire the prestige of his continental prototype. In Italy, and even in France, during part of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, there is evidence to show that harlequin was the title which the jesters of kings, princes, and potentates frequently selected for themselves. The Emperor Mathias ennobled Cecchini, Hallam tells us, a famous harlequin, a royal favourite, and also a man of letters.

It is, however, possible to assign a more specific ancestry to the hero of these speculations, and that of distinctly English origin. Both in the mysteries and moralities, which were the popular form of dramatic entertainment in England during the twelfth and the thirteenth centuries, the devil was generally introduced upon the stage. A sporting, rollicking sort of fiend he was represented as being, but his pranks and his jokes masked a sinister purpose, which was exposed in the end, and for which his Satanic Majesty was cudgelled and belaboured with becoming severity. This duty was en-

trusted to a character indifferently called buffoon, jester, Punch, and vice. His robes were decorated with spangles, he carried the instrument of castigation in his hands, he leaped from one end to the other of the platform—that was the stage—with incredible alacrity. He deceived crowds, mocked the foul fiend, interposed to check him and trip him up, just at the moment when success seemed within his grasp. In a word, the vice of the moralities or mysteries performed much the same services for the personification of the evil one, as does harlequin for the clown, when the latter is bent upon the perpetration of his peccadilloes and iniquities. That the popular puppet-show of the London streets, Punch and Judy, is a direct survival of this feature in the mediæval semi-sacred plays, is beyond all question. Is it possible to miss the application of the mediæval tradition to the modern pantomime? Is it possible to doubt that Punch and harlequin are but different developments of the same idea, that the wooden puppet and the glittering wooer of columbine are in truth twin brethren?

Such seems to be a fair, if not an exhaustive account of the rise and growth of harlequin. Just as the modern pantomime is a complex entertainment, so is the modern harlequin the result of a similarly eclectic process. He is the creature at once of the pagan and christian tradition; his ancestry is at the same time ancient and modern. At different periods he has united in himself the attributes of clown, of pantaloon, of every character known to pantomime, save columbine. He has been the mischievous imp of the *Atellanæ Fabulæ*, the loquacious satirist, the favourite of court and king, the chastiser of the devil; and now he is, in the words of Mr. Planché, "the mute, dancing, glittering nondescript," who thrashes by turns pantaloon and clown, the very two personages who should most remind him of what he once was.

THE DESERTED PARADISE.

SILENCE, that was not peace, so held the place
As terror holds the tongue of one death-fronted;
No wind stirred there, no insect held gay chase,
No darting bird 'midst those dense coverts hunted.
Even the shadows moved not save in growth
Slow hour by hour, as on some mystic dial
Which no man marks. Dumb fate, austere and loath,
Did seem to keep espial,
Jealously impotent, o'er one sole thing
It might not wholly slay by silencing.
Loveliness lingered yet, unalain though still,
The last lone relic of delight departed,
Of splendour vanished. Joy had fed its fill
In those fair pleasaunces, and Love, gay-hearted,

In days when lovely ladies thronged the ways,
 Amidst the roses there had held high revel.
 Now sadness reigned in every flowery maze,
 Slope bank, or lawny level,
 Whence power, and pride, and princely cheer had fled,
 Where Beauty only showed as less than dead.
 Lifeless as fallen tears those waters lie,
 In languorous snake-like curves and crescent
 reaches,
 By turfy shore and terraced bank, and by
 Dim towering groves. What lore in silence teaches
 The spirit of dead days which reigneth here?
 A shadow-moulded sphinx that no keen vision
 May fix to form, yet which, a phantom fear,
 Fills all these glades Elysian;
 A mystic power, viewless yet intense,
 Speaking through silence to the inner sense.
 The roses like a rolling stream of red,
 Dashed with white foam and golden gleams of
 morning,
 O'ersweep the valley from each skyward head,
 Down slope descent and terraced cliff, adorning
 With lavish loveliness the whole sweetspace
 From cloud-kissed crown to bowery deep, and
 trailing
 From crag to crag in careless-ordered grace;
 And yet no wood-nymph wailing
 For spring departed 'midst her leafless bowers
 Were sadder than the splendour of those flowers.
 Above the unstirring stream their blossoms bend,
 Like grief-tranced Beauty brooding o'er Love's
 grave;
 Where their shed petals fall they lie, and lend
 A fleeting grace to the too sullen wave
 Then wither and are whelmed, like myriads more,
 That moon by moon in silence fall. They fill
 The hollows of this garden, wave or shore,
 So sadly strangely still,
 With dust of long-dead roses, such sweet earth
 As should to happier blossoms give glad birth.
 But there all flowers are phantom-still though fair,
 Their heavy odours by no soft wind shaken,
 Incense unwafted, lade the drowsing air;
 Legions of lilies, which no zephyrs waken,
 Still-shafted stand like sentinels of Death,
 Though lovely as his best-loved prey. All flowers
 Of daintiest beauty and most fragrant breath
 Through these enchanted bowers,
 Thick gem the turf and trail from topmost height
 Of tree or towering cliff—a heavenly sight!
 But o'er the unfooted paths strange mosses spread
 Their pallid green; and over shaft and slope
 Of tree and terrace a small blossom, red
 As a blood-rusted sword, doth seem to grope
 With its slow sanguine lips as though for prey;
 And sluggish undergrowths of shapeless life,
 Which seem the soul of animate decay,
 Wage still and voiceless strife
 With soulless loveliness which garlandeth
 With deathless charm the very brows of Death.

SHALL LONDON HAVE ANOTHER BRIDGE?

It was all very well for Dr. Johnson to say, "Sir, let us take a walk down Fleet-street." There was space enough there for the burly form and rolling gait of the great man in the snuff-coloured suit. But were Professor Max Müller, for instance, to invite me in this present year to take a stroll with him over London-bridge, I should, although keenly sensible of the honour of being seen abroad with so great

a scholar, be careful to eschew certain hours for our promenade. Bridges—crede another professor—are cheerful spots at midnight, beloved, it is said, by wary diplomats and weary statesmen, who, like the late Lord Palmerston, find infinite rest and charm in a lonely nocturnal stroll. But, perhaps, Professor Müller might object to the breeziness of London's famous bridge at the midnight hour, and care less than would M. Gustave Doré for the glint of the moonlight on the steely-hued river, and the dark masses of shipping which confine the water-way to narrow bounds. If thus debarred from the middle of the night, I should have only one alternative—the middle of the day, between noon and two o'clock, as at other times the passage of the bridge is an awesome undertaking, not to be thought of by middle-aged gentlemen, whose shoulders are rheumatic and whose toes sensitive. On either side of the four rows of vehicles rolling to and fro, rushes a swifter stream of foot passengers—all in the desperate hurry that seems to come over everyone when he gets into a crowd. From nine to twelve in the morning, and from three till seven in the afternoon, it is devil take the hindmost on the pavement of London-bridge, and it is wonderful that more accidents do not occur from persons being thrust off the pavement, under the wheels of the heavy waggons which form an unbroken string from early morning till late at night. On the bridge, vehicles are marshalled so well that they enjoy a little space for breathing, as it were, after being shut in for long hours in Eastcheap and Fenchurch-street, in Tooley-street and Rotherhithe; but if I follow them into the streets which open on the handsome "approaches" of the bridge, I encounter hopeless "blocks," and my estimate of human patience improves by a very large percentage. There is, of course, swearing, and there is at times a considerable consumption of beer, and bread and cheese—human patience requiring sustenance both liquid and solid during its prolonged trial—but there is very little quarrelling, and hardly any fighting, the carmen of Old England being less violently inclined than those of New York. Perhaps this apparent sluggishness may be traced to the effect of beer, as opposed to whisky drinking, but I am rather inclined to assign it to the hopelessness engendered by a life spent in waiting for somebody else to move on. Only one comparison will serve to bring home the condition of the carman's life

to the uninitiated. It is to be found in the state of the streets on the night of a grand illumination in honour of a royal marriage, a European peace, or some equally auspicious event. If we turn night into day, and suppose the conditions of the traffic to be normal instead of phenomenal, we arrive at a correct idea of the state of the approaches to London-bridge.

It is more than probable that the bridge which crosses the ancient ferry of St. Mary has always been crowded, for London was no inconsiderable place when its first foundations were laid. It is true that the bridge built by Ethelred, and rebuilt by the Red King, was but a wooden edifice, yet its functions were important, as in fact it connected northern with southern England. By degrees, the traffic of the old Roman road known in Saxon times as Watling-street turned aside from the ferry above Westminster and passed over London-bridge, which brought the seaports of Kent and Sussex into direct communication with the capital. Nevertheless, the sticklers for good old fashions objected to the bridge as an obstacle to navigation, as, no doubt, it was, and it is curious to trace the history of the concessions perpetually demanded by vested rights. From examples, of which pictures exist, it is easy to imagine the old wooden bridge, with its narrow arches and central drawbridge to admit of the passage of masted vessels, then unloading mostly at Queenhithe. This device was perpetuated in the first stone bridge—the arch called afterwards the “draw-back” was originally built with a drawbridge, to admit ships loaded with corn and fish to pass up to the great markets, held on or about the site of the present Mansion House, and the champions of vested rights were appeased for many centuries. The original wooden bridge was not a long-lived structure. Frequently catching fire, it was at last so seriously damaged as to be found past repair, and the first stone structure—the old London-bridge of history—was completed in 1209. Long before that date, far-seeing men had perceived the necessity of building a stone bridge.

William the Conqueror, like the mighty ruler that he was, “commanded” Peter the Architect to give up the wooden bridge and convert it into one of stone forthwith, but with the understanding that the good citizens of London should find the money. These sturdy burghers took a

different view of the enterprise, and stoutly declined to provide the necessary funds, while the stern king pressed Peter to push on vigorously with the work. Between the king and the citizens the unhappy architect had but a sorry time of it, and—being made weary of his life—died and was buried, and thus got quit of king, citizens, and bridge, for ever and aye. Patching and rebuilding went on till that intelligent but not otherwise admirable prince, John Lackland, took the matter in hand, and the stone bridge was built at last, after the labours and squabbles—probably financial—of eleven years. The new bridge, with its nineteen arches and drawbridge, was declared a marvel of genius, although constructed on a singular principle. Of its entire width—seventy-three feet—the roadway only occupied twenty; the remainder being devoted to two rows of houses, arched over the street and overhanging the piers. Hence, what with darkness and crowding, and the interruption of the drawbridge, the passage of the bridge above was nearly as dangerous as that of the arches beneath—the “shooting” of which was a perilous undertaking. At times the bridge was considered as royal, at others, as municipal property. Henry, the builder of minsters and castles, gave it to his consort, Eleanor of Provence, who pocketed the proceeds, and let the estate go to ruin. Edward the First exacted the then heavy toll of a penny, but restored the bridge, which again passed into the custody of the City during his reign. Perpetually being more or less burnt down, the tough old bridge, nevertheless, enjoyed a long life—the ancient drawbridge, with a tower on the north side of it for resisting the attack of an enemy, having endured for six hundred years. In olden times London-bridge was an important strategic point, as the only bridge over the Thames between Kingston and the sea. Sir Thomas Wyatt found this out to his cost. When he marched to London at the head of the men of Kent, the boats were removed from the Surrey side of the river, and the bridge fortified; a simple precaution, but an efficacious. To cross the Thames he was compelled to ascend to Kingston, his army of thirty thousand gradually melting away, till he reached Temple-bar, faint, weary, and almost alone. He “kept touch” with the citizens, but these prudent men having in the meantime made their peace with Queen Mary, closed

against him those gates over which his head was soon to blacken in the sun.

Long after Sir Thomas Wyatt, London possessed but one bridge—the old edifice of John Lackland—so massively built, that it might be compared to a very strong stone embankment built across the river, and perforated by a number of small, low openings, resembling at high-water rather culverts than arches, through which the tide, as it rose or fell, rushed with tremendous force. The enormous “starlings,” on which the patient angler ensconced himself during favourable states of the tide, are familiar objects in the old engravings, which represent London-bridge in all its glory of quaint picturesque houses overhanging the river, gatehouses, draw-bridge, and battlemented turrets.

As the bells of St. Botolph's rang in this present century they tolled the knell of the old Plantagenet bridge. It was a venerable institution; but roaring, busy, active London had swept past it, and demanded that the old bridge should make way for something better adapted to the wants of the age. The houses had been removed, and the arches widened; but palliative measures were given up at last, and it was confessed that London must have a new bridge. As of old, the first objection to be grappled with was that opposed to Ethelred's wooden bridge nine hundred years before. Navigation might not be impeded. If the fish-market had dropped below bridge to Billingsgate, the billy-boys yet came up to Queenhithe, and might not be interrupted save by bringing the city to ruin. All kinds of odd schemes were prepared for bridges with “a lofty centre arch, and a descending causeway leading to some principal street on each side of the river;” “for a similar bridge having its approaches at right angles and parallel to the shore;” and “for two parallel bridges, enclosing a space sufficient for so many vessels as would probably pass in one tide, their passage being through corresponding drawbridges, one of which should always remain lowered for the use of passengers.” Mr. George Dance, architect to the City, furnished the Port of London committee with a design for these parallel bridges. He proposed that the space between them should be of three hundred feet, and furnished with mooring chains for securing the ships in tiers, so as not to interfere with the passage of smaller vessels. Mr. Dance's plan was induced by the great “expense, steepness, deformity,

and inconvenience attendant on an arch high enough for the passage of vessels.” Over and above all other considerations, still appears prominently the idea that the spirit of the old drawbridge must in some form be maintained. It underwent further development in the plan suggested by General—afterwards Sir Samuel—Bentham. Its principal characteristic was an enlargement in the centre into a “sexangular form of more than twice its ordinary breadth,” having in the middle an octagonal basin, spacious enough for a ship to lie in without touching a drawbridge constructed in each side—in fact, a bridge with, as it were, a loop in the middle: the object aimed at being the non-interruption of land traffic, which would be made continuous by keeping one drawbridge always down. Between this and the high-level bridge proposed by Telford and Douglas, opinion oscillated for nearly twenty years, when Rennie's plan was finally approved. The great engineer died at this point, and his son, afterwards Sir John Rennie, carried out the work. The new bridge was opened in state by William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide on the 1st of August, 1831, amid general rejoicings. About a million and a half sterling was invested in this great work—about one-third being expended on the bridge itself and the remainder on the approaches. Handsome and ample, new London-bridge—relieved also, but to a much more moderate extent than is generally supposed, by the erection of several bridges higher up the river—appeared likely to fulfil all the hopes of its projectors, and would unquestionably have done so had not an important factor in the calculation been overlooked or partially ignored. Had the population of London remained stationary, the bridge opened in 1831 would have sufficed for the traffic of to-day; but, as a matter of fact, it has increased beyond any estimate that could have been formed in Rennie's time. In 1831, the population of the metropolis was a little over a million and a half, and, in 1870, had nearly approached four millions. The traffic of London-bridge has increased in at least equal proportion. Twenty years ago the increase of population and traffic had already overtaxed the accommodation deemed so ample in 1831. In 1865 great difficulty was experienced in arranging the traffic, which has now outgrown all management whatsoever.

There has been talk of widening London-bridge ever since 1852, when the subject was brought before the Court of Common Council. In the following year, Mr. Francis Bannock brought forward some curious facts with the twofold object of proving, first, that London is under-bridged; secondly, that the bridges in existence are for the most part in the wrong place. "In Paris," wrote Mr. Bannock, "in a distance of four-and-a-half miles, there are fourteen bridges, or one to every five hundred and eighty yards. If to these be added the others leading to the old city, the number would be increased to twenty-seven. All are free, and the population of Paris is only one-third that of London. At this rate, London ought to have forty-two bridges. At Lyons, over the Saône, in five miles there are twelve bridges, and in three-and-a-half miles over the Rhone, seven; altogether nineteen bridges for a population of three hundred and fifty thousand. For the same proportion, London ought to have a hundred and thirty-two bridges." In the same pamphlet, it is pointed out that the traffic of London-bridge equalled, within a fraction, that of all the other bridges put together—the traffic of Westminster being equal to the half of London-bridge, and that of the intervening bridges equal to the remaining half. In 1866, Mr. Haywood wrote strongly in favour of increasing the bridge power of London below London-bridge, to keep pace with the rapid extension of the metropolis to the east and southward, and declared that there was only one complete remedy—"the formation of a new bridge or tunnel, with suitable approaches, lower down the river than London-bridge." Mr. Haywood dwelt strongly on the rate of growth of London, computing that, at the rate of progress still more strongly confirmed since 1866, the population of the metropolis doubles in every forty years; so that in 1906 the inhabitants of the great city will number six millions—a fact to be taken into serious consideration in constructing great public works.

It would hardly be credible, were not the power of vested rights and the horror of Englishmen for great and comprehensive schemes so well known, that the next appearance of London-bridge in civic debate was in connection with a scheme for widening the existing bridge. A plan, ingenious enough, if London were a pauper city, was put forward by Messrs. Horace Jones and Charles Hutton Gre-

gory, for throwing out ironwork on either side of the bridge and thus increasing its width. At once a storm of disapprobation arose. The absurdity of increasing the width of the bridge without proportionately increasing its approaches was pointed out; but the chief outburst of indignation was caused, oddly enough in this country, against any projects for deforming Rennie's splendid work. Nevertheless, the scheme was adopted by the Bridge House Committee, only to be subsequently rescinded. The plan of adding iron arches of a different span to existing stone arches had been tried on one of the Paris bridges, with such hideous results as to throw discredit on the entire scheme.

From time to time other plans have been brought before the public by engineers of reputation. The Londoner has been invited to continue on a more extended scale his subterranean existence. It has been proposed that a carriage-road should be made from the south end of the Minories, passing under the Thames near the Tower, and terminating at Tooley-street, near Burnham-street, with a length of nearly a mile and a half, with connections to the existing Tower Subway from Thames-street to Trinity-square. This may be described as a corkscrew scheme.

The northern entrance would commence at the south end of the Minories, and fall by a gradient of one in forty for a length of four thousand feet to a depth of a hundred feet; of this descent a length of two thousand four hundred feet would be expended inside a shaft in Trinity-square, which would almost entirely be appropriated. The entrance on the south side would be of a similar description, viz., by means of a shaft with a depth of about seventy feet. Passengers and vehicles, in passing from the gloom of the tunnel to the light of day, would have to turn three-and-a-half times round the northern shaft and nearly three times round the southern one.

If the Londoner object to be corkscrewed down into the bowels of the earth, he has the option of being shot up into the air. A hydraulic lift-bridge is proposed from the Tower to Horselydown-stairs—to be built of three arches, each ninety feet above Trinity high-water mark, to enable the tallest masts of vessels which come to London-bridge to pass under at all times. Lofty as is, or would be, this bridge, the approaches would be level; the traffic being raised and lowered from either end

of it by hydraulic power. On this plan the traffic would be lifted and lowered vertically, whilst in the tunnel it would be conducted spirally. More curious than all these schemes, which point unerringly to the Tower as the spot whereto the now below-bridge traffic should be diverted, is the revival or partial revival of the Benham scheme recently patented by Mr. Barnett.

His bridge would, towards the centre of the river, branch right and left, forming two separated roadways, and after enclosing a certain area of river surface, these two branches would re-unite and the bridge would resume its original character, that of a single line. The centre portions of the two branches would be movable, to allow vessels to enter and leave the enclosed water space; or, when one branch had its passage closed the other would have its passage open, and vice versâ.

Another plan recently submitted to the public combines boldness with originality, aiming at nothing less than the deflection of heavy road traffic from London-bridge, and the concentration of numerous lines of railway in one spot. The scheme propounded by Mr. E. B. Webb and Mr. J. Bolland is remarkable as abandoning the high-level bridge on the one side, the drawbridge idea and the subway on the other. They propose to disregard the bugbear of interrupted navigation, and to push, in fact, the interruption down the river from London-bridge to the Tower. Their position is, that the space proposed to be cut off occupies the place of ancient Queenhithe—that the necessity for high-masted vessels to approach London-bridge has departed. No commerce would be destroyed by a few vessels, now using the upper water, being moored at a lower part of the river. In fact, the tendency of all vessels is to unload lower down the river, where space is more ample than near London-bridge. Without alluding to dock accommodation, it may suffice to state that the coal ships, which of old unloaded at Queenhithe, now discharge their cargo in Bugsby's-reach. As with the colliers, so with other ships: the lighters would have to travel a little farther, that would be the only innovation.

As the last bridge seaward on all navigable rivers is the first in importance, the proposed Tower-bridge would, as to traffic, become the principal bridge in London. The locality suggested by Messrs. Webb and Bolland is the space which separates the Tower from the St. Katharine's-dock

warehouses; the new bridge would thus cross the river from the foot of Little Tower-hill to Horselydown-stairs on the Surrey side. The bridge itself is proposed to be of "low level"—that is to say, the same height above Trinity high-water mark as the present London-bridge, but its construction would be entirely different. It would necessarily be of great width, to accommodate at least four lines of rails in addition to ample road and footway. But this is not all, the projectors being of opinion that a couple of rows of shops should be built between the rails and the carriage-way—to be removed in case of more space being required for traffic in the course of another half-century. Engineering difficulties there are none in the way of this bold and novel plan, which includes the formation of approaches both for rail and carriage way; bringing the latter into communication on the south with the junction of the Old and New Kent-roads, on the north with the junction of the Commercial-road, Commercial-street, and the Whitechapel-road, by a new road across Goodman's-fields.

This is a truly imperial scheme, and would cost an imperial price, for the wharfingers would require a serious amount of compensation; but perhaps for once, London, backed by the country, may be disposed to do something on a large scale with some slight reference to the wants of posterity. In such a case as this, private enterprise is as completely out of the question as a toll-bridge at the Tower would be. The object is no less than the relief of the whole traffic of East London, now suffering all the agonies of congestion, as any reader of *ALL THE YEAR ROUND* may discover for himself, if he will only take a pleasant little stroll from the Tower to London-bridge, and over it to Horselydown.

SOME OF FASHION'S FOOLS.

NATURALLY they will mostly be French; for, somehow, France has almost always been our mistress in this respect. She is nearer to us than Spain or Italy, and German magnificence has generally been clumsy, like modern Berlin fêtes, and, moreover, has never spread very far. Besides, in spite of Mr. Freeman, the Norman conquest, and the Angevin succession which followed, Frenchified our higher ranks and all who aspired to imi-

tate them. No doubt, an English feeling began to be developed even in Henry the Second's reign: for that matter, the rebels who persuaded Waltheof to join their plot against William the Conqueror conveniently professed English sympathies. But, quite up to Edward the Third's time, an English noble was an Englishman in a very different sense, from that in which our hereditary legislators are Englishmen nowadays. He was an Englishman, just as one of his brothers or rivals in arms was a Burgundian, or a Provençal, or a Breton. He, just as much as they, looked to Paris as the centre of the world, the place where the lord-paramount held his court. It is well to remember this, whilst we are passing through our present stage of excessive admiration of all things German, which began when Coleridge and his school brought German philosophy into vogue, and which has been so fostered by political events that it threatens to make us forget the truth of history. Charlemagne was not a Frenchman, Mr. Freeman is quite right there; pray take care always to call him Charles the Great, and (if you will) call his favourite capital Aachen instead of Aix. But for all that, you cannot alter the fact that, from the time when his empire was divided, the western part of it gradually grew in importance, or rather recovered the importance which Gaul had had of old, while Germany sank back into the semi-barbarism, out of which the energy of the great Emperor had for a brief space lifted her. The greatness of France is shown in nothing more than in her complete and rapid assimilation of the Normans. These fierce conquerors became in the third generation mere Frenchmen, speaking French—all except a few at Bayeux and along the peninsula of the Côtentin—full of French ideas, never dreaming, in spite of continual quarrels, of disowning the suzerainty of the Paris over-lord.

No doubt, William the Conqueror claimed to be Edward's heir, and in Domesday and all public records studiously ignored the reign of Harold; but William was a Frenchman for all that, and so was Edward the First, although, when in Palestine just before his father's death, he ostentatiously refused to speak anything but English to the ambassadors of the Soldan. These Angevin kings, indeed, were much more French than their Norman predecessors. Clever they were and unscrupulous, though perhaps lacking in

Norman shrewdness; and short work they made of the disaffection of the little insular nobles, whose estates the Conqueror had so wisely parcelled out, that no one of them could bring half a county at his back. The great English earls, the Ælfrics, the Algars, and Siwards, and Leofrics, had not been replaced by equally powerful feudal lords; there were in England no great crown vassals, like those Dukes of Flanders and Aquitaine and Burgundy, &c., whose turbulent might made the headship of the Paris king rather a matter of complaisance, acknowledged because Paris was the centre of elegance and taste and letters, than of real efficient control. But, though the Angevins were kings every inch of them, strong and masterful, they had a vast amount of that fanfaronade which your true Frenchman throws into everything. Of course, their court was French also, in all its ways; and hence the habit grew up, which we have not yet lost, of looking to France in matters of taste.

There must have been something in the French genius peculiarly given to ornament and effect. The old Gauls had it, and used to tattoo themselves, before they were troubled about much clothing. Their kinsmen, the Scots of Ireland and Scotland, were wonderfully clever in ornamentation; the opus Scoticum, interlaced knot and serpent work, is something marvellous even in the few remnants of it which remain in gold and bronze work and illuminated books; and the workshops of old Gallic enamel, lately dug out at Bibracte and elsewhere, show that the same style of work was practised by the men whom Cæsar conquered. All along, the Gaulish mind showed itself fond of show and parade, and yet, somehow, able to steer clear of vulgarity. Gaul adopted Roman luxuries just as she adopted Roman laws. They say that the English invented shirts, and then the French put ruffles to them; but I shouldn't wonder if it was the other way—the ruffles first, before either French or English had any shirts to their backs. So far quicker did luxury develop than comfort. Indeed, the amount that was spent on brocades, and gold and silver plate, and tapestries, and carving, and jewellery, and robes of state was out of all proportion to the cost of living. A well-to-do Parisian's house nowadays is tasty enough, and full of costly knickknacks. Perhaps the wife has a passion for old china or Japanese curiosities, or the husband is fond of

pictures. But, even so, how poor is the furniture in general—the thinly-veneered rosewood and mahogany, the sham ebony, the wall-paper, the chintz—compared with that of a rich bourgeois in Henry the Fourth's time! Think of the solid ebony, the richly-carved oak, the walls tapestried or covered with embossed and gilded leather, or frescoed so that rooms and passages were like a great illuminated volume. The strangest thing is that house-decoration has always been meanest in England, which has never, perhaps, since the Conqueror's time, seen war of the cruel devastating kind which has always been the rule abroad, for our civil war was remarkably free from the waste and ruin that war usually brings with it, and even our Wars of the Roses spared property, while spilling men's blood like water. Even in England, however, comparatively simple as our house-fittings always were, houses and furniture and all human belongings have become simpler, less ornate, than in the days when the whole household dined together, the dependents below the salt, and when the dining-hall was strewn with rushes, not because carpets were unused, as we sometimes fancy—there were plenty of them, "double velvet pile," in my lady's bower—but because the mud of the retainers' boots would have ruined any carpet in a week.

In the Middle Ages, however, the French were far ahead of us in fashionable expensiveness. Sumptuary laws were constantly being made, but in vain. Popular preachers were constantly declaiming against costly dress, equally in vain. Nay, the crowds who thronged to hear the preachers so vied with one another in rich apparel, that their appearance left no doubt of the foolishness of preaching. In Paris, in the fourteenth century, there were twenty-six different guilds of ornament-makers. Neither the Hundred Years' War, nor the yet more grievous devastations of the free-companies, and the cruel jacqueries of a maddened peasantry, seemed to make much difference in the way of living.

In 1393, while Richard the Second was wasting his money in England, Charles the Sixth was setting a fashion which the chronicler calls "moult oultrageuse," excessive. The first masked ball dates from his reign. The king and five young nobles came in dressed as savages. They had put on surcoats of tarred sackcloth, and had then rolled themselves in tow, so as to seem

all covered with long hair. In they came, dancing and clanking the chains which bound together all except the king. "Sire, we had better keep the torches out of the way," said Messire Ivain de Galles. So said, so done; but, unhappily, in burst the Duke of Orleans with his company, and, of course, his own torch-bearers. "What! savage men?" he cried, "I'll soon singe their beards for them;" and, snatching a torch, he thrust it into the face of one of the chained maskers. In a moment all the five were in a blaze. One broke away and jumped into the rinsing trough, four were burned to death, and the king, who was talking to one of the royal duchesses, was frightened out of his few wits.

Dress in Charles the Seventh's time got more and more costly. Agnes Sorel, one of the first of that long line of discreditable women-politicians with whom France at all times has been cursed, outdid her predecessors by piling upon her head a huge superstructure of wire and buckram, not credible except to those who see it in illuminated books of "hours"—for the fashions got into the prayer-books—and on carved monuments. The French laughed, and wrote unpleasant verses; but before long, all heads with any pretensions about them were surmounted by the same monstrosity. Before long, thanks to Joan of Arc and the spirit that she roused, he who had been rather King of Touraine and Berri, skulking away at quaint little Loches, than King of France, got back to Paris, and, as Agnes actually came in for a share of the credit, her fashions became patriotic as well as what the modern Parisian calls chic.

Under Louis the Eleventh, dress was much more sober. Louis, in fact, seems to have been by no means so bad as he is painted. Even out of our Richard the Third, the whitewashers have managed to make a tolerably decent king, as kings went in those days. Against Richard, however, there are always the murders in the Tower, and Louis is only accused of having killed his brother, a charge of which his latest historian unhesitatingly acquits him, hinting that, if the said brother had been killed, it would have served "the wretched traitor" quite right. One habit in which Louis indulged was—considering the age, and his bringing up—little short of miraculous; he used to give compensation to farmers whose crops were damaged by the royal hunt, aye, and—Michelet has ferreted out the entries and items—to old women whose cats or sheep

were worried by the royal hounds. If his descendants, and the nobles to whom they set the fashion, had kept up this custom, the cry of "War to the château, peace to the thatched cot," would hardly have been so bitter in 1793. Louis, too, actually returned their money to the feudal tenants who, on the rumour of an English invasion—which never took place—had paid in lieu of personal service, and also to the towns which had sent contributions towards the campaign. More wonderful still, he paid his debts. While he was wearing a shocking bad hat, and a suit at which the people laughed, he was raising forced loans to redeem from Burgundy the towns along the Somme. The lenders were lucky enough to get back both interest and principal. Don't believe all the evil that Quentin Durward teaches about Louis; Sir Walter says what, if true at all, was true only of the wise king's latest years, when he was shut up in Plessis-les-Tours, surrounded by pitfalls and caltrops, and subject to that most demoralising of all influences—the constant dread of assassination. Louis deserves whitewashing; and one of his best traits is that, when France wanted money, he steadily refused to waste a penny on his own adornment.

Charles the Eighth changed all that. He brought new fashions from Italy, and carried them to excess; and in the reign of Francis the First, luxury in dress rose higher than ever. We know what was said about the Field of the Cloth of Gold, that many a gay ruffler there carried his ancestral acres on his back. The noblesse were ruined, and then went to court to try to mend their fortunes, only succeeding, as was natural, in making the mischief worse. Then sprang up the breed of poor dandies, waiters upon Providence, well-born Micawbers anxiously expecting some little "place about court" to turn up. They had their makeshifts, not unknown to the modern "swell" who is down on his luck; for instance, Lord Bareacres and Count Out-at-elbows would vie with one another in the fineness of the lace frill protruding from their doublets. You might think those ingenious noblemen were got up in "sarks of the Holland fine," regardless of expense; but a contemporary ballad tells how they wore shirts of *sac de toile à moulin*—as coarse as a miller's sack—and just stuck a fine Flanders handkerchief through the breast of their coat. Hence they were called *fringants*, frelu-

quets, words that have lasted, though it needs an archaeologist to tell their origin.

In Henry the Second's time, dress grew yet more costly, but it was so graceful, both for men and women, that it is hard to find fault. Very soon, however, naturalness degenerated into license. Catherine de Medicis, at that lovely little château of Chenonceaux, which she forced Diana of Poitiers to give up to her, made a grand banquet, where the waitresses, "noble and virtuous young ladies," says the chronicler, were got up like savage women, their hair flying loose, and their dress, or rather the want of it, going on a long way towards the primitive fig-leaf. Next week, at Plessis-les-Tours, close to the capital of Touraine, there was another banquet, at which the same waitresses figured as pages; the cost of the green silk bought to make them doublets and hosen is still extant.

The next fashion was that to which we nowadays seem to be making slow and timid approach—the fashion of long trains; serpents, the preachers called them. Queen Elizabeth of Austria made her entry into Paris in 1571, mounted on a "hackney," and with a train twenty ells long, which took six squires to hold it up. Elizabeth Archduchess was one of the nobodies of that sad time. Charles the Ninth's marriage with her was thought by the Huguenots to be a good sign, for her father, Maximilian the Second, was the very reverse of a bigot; but the Massacre of St. Bartholomew followed in less than two years.

Henry the Third, King of Poland, who, when news came of his brother's death, threw up his crown and ran away from Cracow by night, pursued by Polish lancers as far as Moravia, became a greater fool of fashion than any of his predecessors even of the House of Valois. He spent three-and-a-half million francs on the marriage of his minion, the Duke of Joyeuse. He was always planning new styles of dress, and used, moreover, to paint, and to wear plasters on his face at night to improve his complexion; moreover, he slept in gloves, an absurdity which was soon imitated by most of the grand lords and ladies. His hair was red, but he soon lost it through trying various dyes; and, being bald, he wore a little turban. The Duke of Sully laughs at his turban, and at the basket round his neck, full of little lap-dogs. But his great vanity was starch. He actually invented

some new kinds, and the Parisians called him, "starcher in ordinary to Her Majesty." To him belongs the credit of surrounding a man's neck with a stiff frill—the ruff that, before his time, the women had had all to themselves. Henry wore it flattened down, till it looked like a dish. "Calves' head," cried the Parisians, and the phrase became as significant as it was among us at the Restoration.

The League tried to bring in simplicity of attire; but both they and Henry the Fourth notably failed, though the latter had, in his campaigning days, got a real liking for it. About this time, new dyes began to be invented. The Gobelin scarlet was discovered by a man who accidentally let a bit of tin fall into acid, and then broke the bottle among some cochineal. Some of the new dyes had the most ridiculous names: "the dying monkey," "the sick Spaniard," "the dead man come to life again," "the seven deadly sins."

Make a leap now to Louis the Fourteenth's time, passing by the strange epidemic of poisoning, Italian born, but very readily naturalised in France. During this time, people drank out of cups warranted to break when poison was put into them, and eat with knives that would bleed when used to cut poisoned food, and they wore for charms bits of "unicorn's horn," the virtue of which was that it could not endure the presence of anything impure.

In Louis the Fourteenth's day, great folks took to washing. Bathing had been on the decline since Roman times; and the public baths, kept by the barbiers-barbants—a different guild from the surgeon-barbers—had got to be places of such license for both sexes, that in the middle of the sixteenth century they were closed, and great ladies went from week's end to week's end without even washing their hands, using scent instead, like Henry the Third wearing face-plasters. So much unhealthiness was the result, that Louis the Fourteenth told the barbers to reopen their baths. Then the hair-dressers set up next door to them; and people who had been in the habit of getting their hair dressed at home went into a shop. Some of the hair-dressers rapidly rose to fame. *Sieur Champagne*—*sieur*, you know, is short for *seigneur*, as if we should say, Lord Truefitt—boasted that he had been sent for by all the crowned heads in Europe; and, when in a merry mood, used to insist on a kiss from the lady whose head he had

half done, or else threatened to throw down his tongs.

Now, too, wigs came in, the king leading the fashion with that monstrous affair in which he is always represented. Jean Baptiste Thiers wrote a book to prove that false hair was contrary to the will of God; but he was no more listened to than were Pierre Juvenay and Jacques Boileau—brother of the poet—when they declaimed against low dresses. Dresses were worn lower and lower, till Madame de Maintenon took to covering her bosom with a black lace fichu. Louis made a good thing out of wigs. There was a wig-tax; and, moreover, he started a new office, that of *contrôleurs de perruques*. "Whenever the king makes an office," said Minister Desmarets, "God provides some fool or other to buy it."

"No other invention," says Professor Newman, "has done more for the comfort of mankind than coach-springs." Beckmann, historian of inventions, knows nothing of their discoverer. "They came in Louis the Fourteenth's time." There had been coaches before—whirlicotes, they were called in England. Henry the Fourth had only one coach. He apologises one day to a friend: "I can't call on you to-day; my wife is using the coach." Under Louis the Fourteenth coaches multiplied; and, the need being great, springs were invented—by the wife, it is said, of a chemist in the St. Antoine suburb. As if by magic, coaches ceased to be the curious rooms upon wheels, with heavy pillars and leather curtains, of which we see pictures; they began to be much what they were till within the last fifty years—lumbering, according to our notions, but grand with gilded leather, and polished metal, and varnished wood. This was one of the saddest times in French history—the Grand Monarque's reign had clouded over, his wars had failed, his peasantry were starving—yet never was there more luxury in Paris. Fancy seventy-one goldsmiths' shops in the island of Notre Dame alone! Many things, besides children's rattles, were made of silver, for which even the richest people are now content with copper or block-tin. Luxury showed itself, too, in other ways. Even a plain citizen like Boileau had his bed covered with red velvet trimmed with silver lace, the bed curtains being of cloth of gold. Boule, too, whom people will call Buhl, as if he had been a German, a famous upholsterer, brought in the inlaying that goes

by his name—brass in mother-of-pearl and ebony.

With the peace of Utrecht English fashions came in. In 1716 some of our ladies appeared at the French court wearing hoops. Very soon every lady in Paris wore a huge hoop. When the Queen went to the theatre, she was quite shut out from public view by the hoops of the two royal princesses who sat one on each side of her. The public grumbled: "What's the use of a queen if we can't see her?" So the question was referred to Fleury, the cardinal prime minister. "Oh, leave those two arm-chairs empty, and let the princesses sit nearer the duchesses." "Very well," said the princesses, "but you must move the duchesses farther off, or when they sit down and their hoops rise, nobody will be able to see us." Then it was the turn of the duchesses; their husbands wrote a pamphlet to show that their wives too must have more room, but the cardinal stopped farther grumbling, after the fashion of the good old times, by having their book burnt by the common hangman.

Another English innovation, the riding-coat (redingote), came in in 1730, and by-and-by the buckskin breeches, which the French dandies wore so tight that they had to be lifted up and dropped into them.

In hair-dressing the French still bore the palm. Dugué, their most fashionable coiffeur, drove a carriage and pair like the first physicians nowadays. The Pompadour was one of his customers. Legros founded a hair-dressing academy, wrote treatises on the art, and kept a number of pretty girls called *prêtuses de têtes*, who walked about the best streets, with their heads trimmed according to his latest devices. Hair-powder was used to such an extent that the scarcity of flour was laid at the coiffeurs' doors.

Under Louis the Sixteenth, dress was to be as simple as it had been extravagant under his predecessor. Unfortunately, in that matter, husband proposes but wife disposes; and Marie Antoinette spent awfully—spending, too, without letting Louis know—and was silly enough to vie with the wretched creatures who had thriven under Madame du Barry, and who were fond of colours with all sorts of coarse and strange names. Then came the first forewarning of the Revolution. Red and blue, the old colours of Paris city, linked by Lafayette with Henry the Fourth's royal white, made the tricolor; and the pale neutral tints with

odd names, which had been so much in vogue, soon got unfashionable. By-the-bye, the most popular brooches were bits of the Bastille set and mounted. A man's dress showed his party: the patriots wore light coats with black waistcoat and trousers; the royalists dressed all in black with a white stock, or else in the livery of Artois green coat with rose-coloured collar. Before long, Minister Roland actually came into his office with strings in his shoes instead of buckles. Poor Louis noticed it, and, with a sigh, silently pointed out the appalling fact to Dumas. "Hélas, oui; tout est perdu," was the reply; and, sure enough, very soon after, the red-caps were forcing their way into the Tuileries. The red cap of liberty had a very prosaic origin. Instead of being the "Phrygian bonnet," it is just the galley-slave's headgear. The Swiss of the Châteaoux regiment, sent to the galleys for their share in the Nancy riots, were released, and came into Paris with the red caps still on their heads. "They are victims of despotism," said the people, forgetting the circumstances of the riot; and so the red cap became the favourite wear with the extreme party. The *carmagnole*, another republican garment, is simply a sailor's summer waistcoat, which, in winter, was supplemented with the *houppelande*, a big gray cloak with red collar. Sansculotte, too, tells of a change in dress; the republicans left off the breeches (*culotte*) and took to the trouser (*pantalon*); those who were determined to be in the height of the fashion added a pair of wooden shoes, protesting against the extravagance of the old style by a new style, equally extravagant in another sense. Chaumette wished to force this republican garb on all France; but even the fear of the guillotine could not bring about such a revolution. When the Reign of Terror was over, the costume of both sexes at once became wildly outrageous. The men, called *muscadins*, incroyables, *merveilleux* (as they had been called muggets a century earlier), dressed in all sorts of strange ways, and, like the swells in Punch, left out their r's, their favourite oath being *pâle d'homme pâfumé* (on the word of a well-scented man). The women were worse; the *merveilleuses* went in for and surpassed the simplicity of classical times; over flesh-coloured bodices and "tights" they threw a short tunic of thinnest muslin and nothing else.

And here we may close our remarks; for the *Magasin des Modes* has been regu-

larly published ever since 1797, and so fashion's follies are more freely put on record than before. A very humiliating record it is. When we think of the amount of energy, and thought, and all that doctors call nerve-force, that is daily wasted in meeting the changes of fashion—the men who are ruined, who are made prematurely old, whose souls are dragged down from high ideals that women may be “in the fashion”—we feel what savages we are after all. Why, a tithe of this nerve-force would suffice for the exploring of Africa or the colonising of Brazil! And fashion, a Frenchman says, is truly a French disease. What a pity it cannot be localised, and what a difference such localisation, even for a year, would make in the rest of the world!

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF “LOST SIR MASSINGERD,” “AT HER MERCY,”
“HALVES,” &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI. THE COUPÉ.

OUR history must now retrace its steps, for a few months, to the day when Cecil Landon left his wife for Wellborough, on the morning after that eventful picnic at Windsor. He had, as he had seemed to do, in reality forgiven his wife for the deception which she had confessed to having practised on him at the time of their marriage; but the thought of it still rankled in his breast. He was profoundly dissatisfied with her, and also dissatisfied with himself at having been so easily persuaded to forgiveness. He was by no means of the hard material out of which are carved domestic tyrants; but, like most conceited men, he resented exceedingly being made the subject of deception.

The incident of the day before and its probable consequences also annoyed him far more than he would have liked to confess; he shrank from the ridicule which was sure to be evoked by it, even more than from the scandal it would create; for, for that he felt there was no serious ground. His wife, he was confident, had told him the truth at last. But not until it had been wrung from her; not until she had made him a laughing-stock to society, and caused him to commit an offence which, in the eyes of Lady Elizabeth Groves (of whose designs upon Mr. Whymper-Hobson he was well aware), would be unpardonable, and he very much cared, if not for the good

opinion, at least for the good word of Lady Elizabeth Groves. His sagacity even foresaw that Gossip, with its usual blundering malice, would associate the young man's name with that of Ella, and this, if it did not anger him more than all, made him feel more bitter than aught else against his wife. His nature was, for the best of reasons—self-complacency—incapable of jealousy, but the idea that other people should suppose it possible that Cecil Landon's wife could stoop to encourage such a man as Whymper-Hobson was hateful to him, and she herself—though he would not have acknowledged it—came in for a share of the abhorrence. Her pleading words had scarce done ringing in his ears, her appealing looks had scarcely faded from his gaze, but they occupied no place in his memory. It was seeking farther back for the rare causes of offence that she had given to him; they were but two—the falsification of her name, and the change of profession into which she had persuaded him; the latter had been effected at least as much for his sake as for hers; but he did not think of that now. He only reflected that, thanks to her, he was bound upon a disagreeable errand for an indefinite time, and that when he returned from it, it would be, thanks to her, to find himself an exile from certain circles for which he had a liking, and the subject of scandalous comment. The house he had just quitted had no longer the sweet sense of home when his mind dwelt upon it; the wife that he had left alone there had, for the present, lost the attraction for him which hitherto had never failed to draw his heart-strings thither. He was to blame for the most part, and she was to be pitied; and, alas! the more he is to blame, it must needs happen that the more claim will she have upon our pity.

It was with a vexed and gloomy spirit indeed that Cecil Landon drove up to the railway station, and sprang out of his hansom ere it stopped. He was early for the train, which had been hitherto a thing unusual with him (there had been no lingering farewells this time when he left his home), but he felt that motion, action, haste were imperative. He was consumed by a fever of the mind, though it was not stirred by expectation nor cheered by hope; and it drove him not towards rest, but to take external stimulants. His heart was full of bitterness, but his eyes were quick as ever to observe all that was passing about him. His wrath was as the anger of a

child, which vanishes, or changes to some other passion, when any object of attraction presents itself. At the ticket-office, which had only just been opened, one would-be passenger was already before him. It was a lady, and, to judge by her figure, a young one, though her face could not be seen, since she was in earnest conversation with the railway clerk, and it was thrust forward almost into the pigeon-hole.

"What a time these women are in getting their tickets," muttered Cecil to himself: "they have always some question to put which common sense would tell them. What rubbish the people talk who want to give them the franchise, when they have not even the intelligence to understand their Bradshaws."

If this had reference to Ella, it was most unjust, for she was particularly "good" at Bradshaw, and thoroughly mistress of herself and of the route, whenever she had occasion to travel; but then Cecil's frame of mind with respect to her, and—by rapid generalisation—to all women, was just then far from judicial.

"She has been three full minutes already," continued he, half aloud, and the clerk seeing him consult his watch, and glad of the opportunity to dismiss his importunate customer, enquired, "Where for, sir?—You must move on, miss," he added to the young lady, "since the ticket is lost there is no help for it but to pay again."

The young lady uttered a sigh—deeper, one would have thought, than the occasion should have demanded—and turned sorrowfully away.

Even then, Cecil did not see her face; nor, to do him justice, was he influenced by the fact that she was young, or the possibility that she might be pretty; but the sigh touched him, as it would have done had it been uttered by any one of her sex, or indeed of his own. To his keen ear it spoke of poverty—notwithstanding that the pigeon-hole was for first-class passengers—of an inability to pay; and, towards the poor, Cecil's heart was always tender.

"What is the matter with that young lady?" enquired he, as he took her place.

"Oh, she has lost her return ticket—or says so; it's a very old dodge if she hasn't," returned the clerk derisively.

"Where was it she wished to go?"

"To Grantham, just beyond Pullham Junction. She wanted to know whether she could not pay at that end of her

journey, instead of this, which would be a queer start."

"Give me a ticket for Grantham."

"I have stamped yours for Wellborough. You certainly said Wellborough," cried the much-enduring clerk. "If men, as well as women, are not to know their own minds, we railway-clerks will have harder work than ever."

"I know my mind, which is to have both tickets," observed Cecil gravely.

"Oh, I see, you wish to pay for the young lady."

The clerk's face was a picture as he gave out the two tickets. He dared not smile, because Cecil's hand was so dangerously near to his own face; but it turned purple with suppressed amusement. I am afraid he did not give the young man the credit he deserved for his philanthropic intentions. The young lady had withdrawn to the platform, and when Cecil came up to her, was counting the slender contents of a little purse with an air of anxiety as well as melancholy.

"Here is your ticket, madam," said Cecil, in respectful tones.

"Have you found it, sir? oh thank you," said she, looking brightly up, and speaking with earnest gratitude. He thought that gentle face, with its little flush of colour, the fairest object he had ever beheld. There was no positive disloyalty to Ella's beauty in his admiration, for there was no comparison between the two women. Ella was a brunette, whereas the young lady in question was a blonde; there was nothing dark about her, except those long eyelashes under which looked forth those tender eyes of blue; her complexion was exquisite, it had absolutely no fault, except perhaps an excessive delicacy. The bow of her Cupidon lips was straightened for the moment by a smile as she thanked him, but ere the gracious words had left them, became a bow again.

"This is not my ticket, sir," said she with gravity, "mine was a half ticket."

"But you had lost it, the clerk said, so I ventured to supply its place."

He placed it in her hand, lifted his hat, and walked on towards the train, which was waiting by the platform. I have painted him ill, if it is not distinctly understood that Cecil Landon—within certain limits, and with most of us, alas! there is a limit—was a gentleman. He had no intention of presuming upon the service he had rendered; indeed he thought very

little of it; money was not only of no consequence in his own eyes, but he did not recognise its necessary importance in many cases in those of other people. He treated the purchase of the ticket—which, perhaps, had cost him thirty shillings—as though the lady had dropped her glove, and he had picked it up for her.

"But, sir, you mustn't, indeed I can't accept it," exclaimed a quick and agitated voice, close to his ear. She had run up to him, and even touched his arm to draw his attention, which had been directed to the portmanteau a porter was placing for him under the seat of a carriage.

"But you can't travel without a ticket, madam, and there is the ticket," said he, smiling, and after the old and attractive fashion too. That touch of her little hand, involuntary as it had been, had moved him strangely.

"But the obligation, sir, is so considerable, and to a complete stranger too."

"Whatever it is, it is on my side," replied Cecil, "if you will condescend to accept the service."

This somewhat high-flown speech evidently flew over the young lady's head. She only saw that something kind was intended, and ere she could acknowledge it the bell began to ring, and the guard to call out: "Take your seats for Ledbridge, Pullham, and Wellborough. Where are you for, miss? Grantham?—then this is the carriage," and he handed her in to the very coupé in which Cecil had placed his luggage. She looked a little discomposed, but in those days of coupés there were no "ladies' carriages," and she could scarcely have said: "I do not wish to travel with this gentleman."

Cecil noticed the look, and observed, with his hand on his portmanteau: "If you would rather be alone—" but the train was actually in motion ere he finished the sentence, so there was no option for him but to jump in, or be left behind.

"I am sure I ought not to be sorry," said the young lady, simply, as they moved out of the station, "for the opportunity that is thus afforded me of—of—cultivating your further acquaintance; otherwise I should have felt like a downright robber; would you be kind enough, sir, to favour me with your name and address?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Cecil, smiling. "You shall have them both before you reach your journey's end." There was no reason why he should not have given them

at once, yet something—not, alas! his good genius, nor hers—dissuaded him from it.

If he had revealed it to her, he had an idea (quite groundless, for, as it happened, she knew nothing of London) that she would gather from the street where he lived, and which was not a bachelor's quarter, that he was a married man. And I am afraid there was by this time a certain piquancy for him in the fact that this circumstance was unknown to her.

"I will send you the cheque by to-night's post," continued the young lady, who had taken out her pocket-book, and sat, pencil in hand, ready for his communication. "Perhaps you will put it down yourself; I shall feel much easier in my mind, and indeed, sir,"—seeing him hesitate—"I must insist upon it."

Thus adjured, he hastily wrote down a few words, closed the book and returned it to her.

"You are very young, or else must be very rich, to have a cheque-book of your own," observed he smiling.

"It is certainly not for the latter reason," returned she, with an answering smile. "The fact is, my sister and I, being alone in the world, have the sole management of our own little affairs; but it is she who is the woman of business, and it is her name, not mine, which appears in our pecuniary transactions."

"I have no doubt it is a 'good' name, as we say in the City," laughed Cecil; "but still I should like to know that of the other partner of the firm."

"Since you have given me yours," said she gravely, "I have no right, nor indeed any reason, to withhold mine: it is Rose Mytton."

"A very pretty and a very appropriate name," said Cecil.

"I don't see that," answered she simply. "It is rather a funny one in the plural. Mr. Welby—that's our vicar—calls Helen and me the pair of mittens. A little joke goes a long way down at Grantham."

"When I said it was appropriate, I was referring to your christian-name," observed Cecil.

"Oh, I see, you intend to be complimentary," and she gave him a grave little bow.

Cecil felt that he had made a mistake—or at least that he had been "forcing the pace" too early, so he hastened to be very matter-of-fact, to erase any unfavourable impression he might have made.

"Good heavens! I never looked after your luggage; did you see it labelled?"

"I have nothing but this," she said, pointing to a black leather bag, which she had carried on her arm while on the platform. "I was only in London for one day; the fact is I came up on some business of my sister's, and stayed the night with some friends of ours, who started for the sea-side this morning. That was what made the loss of my return ticket so very inconvenient. I had not enough money left to pay my fare even by the third class; and no one to apply to for more. So you have really done me a very great service."

"No more than anyone else would have done, who had the good fortune to have the opportunity," said Cecil. "But how curious, and indeed shocking, it seems, that the want of a few shillings in her purse should place a young lady like yourself in a position of positive embarrassment."

"You would be very often shocked at Helen and me, I do assure you," returned Miss Mytton, laughing, "if you are shocked at that. When we sit on our special committee of Ways and Means, at the end of every month, the firm often finds itself 'positively embarrassed.'"

"What, in spite of that cheque-book, and the balance at the banker's, that it presupposes?"

"We sometimes bring it down very low indeed," continued the young lady gaily. "Do you think it will stand against another five pounds," says Helen; because you know the bankers say: 'We expect our customers to keep fifty pounds in hand; only they are so pleasant and accommodating to Helen and me, that they never make a fuss about it.'"

"Of course they don't," said Cecil. "They are better pleased—or ought to be—with having the firm of Mytton Sisters on their books, than that of Anybody Brothers, with fifty thousand pounds."

"Well, I am not quite sure of that," laughed Miss Rose; "but at all events they never complain."

"But if you are not the acting member of the firm, how comes it that you come to town on business, instead of the senior partner—for I conclude you are the junior?"

"Yes, I am the junior, though only by a year or two. Well, the fact is, my sister was not quite well, and I insisted upon going to London in her place. She objected very much, and even had the cruelty to suggest that I was not competent to

undertake the expedition. She actually said I should never find my way to town and back; and how nearly that prophecy has come true! She will never trust me to go from home alone again, I expect."

"But I hope the business got transacted all right."

"Oh yes; I think I have managed that. Are you a judge of drawings?"

"I know something about them, in a stiff professional way," said Cecil, with reference to his studies at the Military Academy.

"Oh, you are an engineer perhaps."

"No," said Cecil, blushing; he felt that he could never reveal his true calling to this charming young creature. "I was educated, however, with some such intention."

"Well then you will be able to judge."

From an outside pocket of the leather bag the young lady took a small portfolio, full of sketches, some of which she handed to him. They were for the most part illustrations of rather striking situations—combats, quarrels, the partings and meetings of lovers, and so on.

"They are very vigorous," remarked Cecil, "and so far as my opinion goes, of quite exceptional merit. But the subjects are a little what may be called 'sensational'—don't you think so?"

"Yes, indeed I do," answered the young lady laughing, "and so does the artist. 'My dear,' says Helen to me sometimes quite gravely, 'would you be so good as to let me have a pork-chop for supper?'—I am the housekeeper, you must know, and provide for the establishment—'I must have some terrible dreams to-night, in order to be up to my work for The Raven's Wing to-morrow.' The Raven's Wing is a magazine, to which, among others, my sister supplies the illustrations. It is very exacting in the way of 'sensational.' The editor writes: 'You must do us a good Vampire for the next part;' and, never having seen a vampire, poor Helen has to stimulate her imagination."

Cecil was much tickled with this idea, and laughed as he had not laughed certainly for the last twenty-four hours.

"And all these other pictures, the murders and the combats and the falling down steep precipices, are they all for magazines?"

"Yes, some have been bespoken, but most of them have been drawn, as Helen says, on 'spec'—you would be delighted with Helen, since you are fond of fun—she

wishes to increase her connection with the periodicals, and had made an appointment to show some drawings to a certain editor, when she was taken ill—or at least with a bad sore-throat—and so I kept it for her. I am glad to say that her interests have not suffered by her absence."

"I can easily imagine it, since you were her proxy," said Cecil quietly, and as though stating some mathematical fact. She did not give him this time that reproof of the grave little bow, and he felt, to use an aquatic phrase, that "he was gaining."

Though he kept his eyes still fixed upon the drawings, the blush of pleasure that rose to her pretty cheek did not escape him, nor the nervous plunge her hand made into the portfolio for more pictures.

"The funniest part of the whole affair," said she, "is that Helen herself does not care for figure-drawing. Her own line is landscape, which unhappily is in little or no demand with the magazines. Now that is what I call a pretty picture."

She put into his hand an etching of a small country house. Every detail of it was exquisite, and though small, perfectly distinct, and even elaborate. It showed a low-roofed dwelling, with French windows opening upon a small but well-kept garden. Above it, like some giant sentinel, towered a great chalk hill, here bare, here covered with foliage, and crowned with a forest of beeches.

"What a charming retreat!" cried Cecil. "Am I right in conjecturing it to be the country house of the firm?"

"You have guessed it," replied the young lady delightedly. "It was somebody's hunting-box at one time, and used to be called 'The Box,' but when we took it the vicar insisted on its name being altered; he said it sounded 'horsey,' so we now call it 'The Casket.'"

"And I hope the vicar has christened its inmates 'The Jewels.'"

"What clever guesses you make. He really does call us his jewels."

"I object to that," said Cecil promptly. "He has no right to use the possessive pronoun, has he? You can't be both his jewels at all events." It was curious how interested he felt in this absurd enquiry; and in making quite certain that it was Miss Helen Mytton—if it was either—and not Miss Rose, whom the parson called "his jewel."

"Mr. Welby is a privileged person," she replied laughing, "and calls people what he pleases."

"He has rechristened their cottage, but that is the limit as to change of name he is likely to go with either of the firm?"

"We are neither of us likely to become Mrs. Welby, if you mean that."

"Well, I did mean that," confessed Cecil, with a sigh of relief; "though I feel that it was impertinent in me to express it. Pray forgive me."

"Well, you see, there is still that money owing to you for my ticket," answered Miss Rose archly; "and debtors are obliged to forgive things."

"Then I should like to remain always your creditor," said Cecil naïvely; "that I might make little slips of behaviour, and be so bewitchingly forgiven. Pray thank your sister," added he before her forehead could form a frown, "for the great pleasure her drawings have afforded an ignorant but admiring stranger," and he began to wrap them up again in the tissue paper in which they had been folded.

"Your name is in my pocket-book, though you have not mentioned it," said she softly; "and for my part I shall scarcely consider you as a stranger after your great kindness."

"I am sure I shall not consider you so, after yours," replied Cecil, almost below his breath, though they were quite alone.

He had not only forgotten all about his quarrel with his wife by this time, but almost her very existence. Yet it is fair to say that he would not have done this but for the quarrel. Let me whisper in your ear, ladies: there is no time so dangerous to let a husband go out of your sight, as just after you have had a disagreement with him. The most faithful, the most dutiful, the best of men, are on such occasions, if not prone to disloyalty, exceedingly susceptible of the influences of other women. "If my wife doesn't appreciate me," say these vain and unstable creatures, when any one of the other sex is making herself agreeable to them, though in the most innocent and ordinary way, "here is another—worth a dozen of her to look at—who has better taste." I have written it in the "vulgar tongue," but that is what they feel, every one of them, from an archbishop downwards.

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